*Samp.* I the heads of the maides, or their maiden heads, take it in what sence thou wilt.

*Grego.* They must take it in sense, that feele it.

*Samp.* Me they shall feele, while I am able to stand, and tis knowne I am a pretty peece of flesh.

*Grego.* Tis well thou art not fish, if thou hadst, thou hadst beene poore Iohn: draw thy toole here comes of the house of *Mountagues.*

*Enter two other seruingmen.*

*Samp.* My naked weapon is out, quarrell, I will back thee

*Greg.* How, turne thy back and runne?

*Samp* Feare me not.

*Gre.* No marrie, I feare thee.

*Samp.* Let vs take the Law of our sides, let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frowne as I passe by, & let them take it as they list.

*Samp.* Nay as they dare, I will bite my thumb at them, which is a disgrace to them if they beare it.

*Abra.* Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

*Samp.* I doe bite my thumd sir.

*Abra.* Doe you bite your thumb at vs sir?

*Samp.* Is the Law of our side if I say I?

*Gre.* No.

*Samp.* No sir, I doe not bite my thumb at you sir, but I bite my thumb sir.

*Gre.* Doe you quarrell sir?

*Abra.* Quarrell sir, no sir.

*Samp.* But if you doe sir, I am for you, I serue as good a man as you.

*Abra.* No better.

*Samp.* Well sir. *Enter Benuolio.*

*Gre.* Say better, here comes one of my Maisters kinsmen.

*Samp.* Yes better sir.

*Abra.* You lie.

*Samp.* Draw if you be men, *Gregorie*, remember thy swashing blowe. *They fight.*

*Benu.* Part fooles, put vp your swords, you know not what you doe

*Enter*



*Enter Tibalt.*

*Tibalt.* VVhat art thou drawne among these hartlesse hinds:
turne thee *Benuolio*, looke vpon thy death.

*Ben.* I doe but keepe the peace, put vp thy sword,
or mannage it to part these men with me.

*Tib.* VVhat drawne and talke of peace? I hate the word,
as I hate hell, all *Mountagues* and thee:
Haue at thee coward.

*Enter three or foure Citizens with clubs or partysons.*

*Offi.* Clubs, Billes and Partysons, strike, beate them downe,
Downe with the *Capulets*, downe with the *Mountagues.*

*Enter old* Capulet *in his gowne, and his Wife.*

*Capu.* VVhat noyse is this? giue me my long sword hoe,

*Wife.* A crowch, a crowch, why call you for a sword?

*Cap.* My sword I say, old *Mountague* is come,
And flourishes his blade in spight of me.

*Enter old* Mountague *and his Wife.*

*Moun.* Thou villaine *Capulet*, hold me not, let me goe.

M. *Wife.* 2. Thou shalt not stir one foote to seeke a foe.

*Enter Prince* Eskales, *with his traine.*

*Prince.* Rebellious subiects enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-stained steele,
Will they not heare? what ho, you men, you beasts:
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage,
With purple fountaines issuing from your veines:
On paine of torture, from those bloudy hands,
Throw your mistempered weapons to the ground,
And heare the sentence of your moued Prince.
Three ciuill brawles bred of an ayrie word,
By thee old *Capulet* and *Mountague*,
Haue thrice disturbde the quiet of our streets,
And made *Veronas* auncient Citizens,
Cast by their graue beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cancred with peace, to party our cancred hate;
If euer you disturbe our streets againe,
Your liues shall pay the forfeit of the peace,